

JUNE.

THE  
MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XVIII.

"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children  
of God."—Matt. v., 9.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

1888.

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# The Manifesto.

VOL. XVIII.

JUNE, 1888.

No. 6.

The Gospel Testimony of Mother Ann  
Lee and the Elders, William Lee and  
James Whittaker.

No. 27.

*Published expressly for the several Commu-  
nities of Believers in 1816. Re-written by  
Henry C. Blinn.*

MOTHER ANN felt extreme anguish from the cruel abuses of these men, and said to them, "Must I give up my life in your hands?" Regardless of her petition they thrust her into a room, where she sat down and cried like a child.

The mob immediately surrounded the house and refused to let any of the Believers enter. Elder William Lee insisted on going in, at the same time declaring that Mother Ann was his sister. Two or three of the Sisters managed to enter the house, and soon found their way to the room where Mother Ann was confined.

In the meantime Grant and his wicked court consulted among themselves to know in what manner they should proceed, and having settled the point, Mother Ann was brought back to the first house. Elder James Whittaker, during the time of this trial had been kept under guard, at the house, where the court was sitting. He was called

in and a suit was entered against the two Believers for a breach of peace. They were accused of making disturbance and breaking the rest of the people, by singing and shouting at a late hour in the night.

The Justice inquired of them, "Did you not pass by Mr. A's house?" Elder James replied, "I never saw the man in my life, that I know of; but I have sung and served God a great deal."

They were then asked, "Did you not pass Mr. B's house?" and received the same reply as before.

Grant then made a pretence of binding them over to the County court, and said—"You must be taken to jail or get bondsmen for your appearance."

David and George Darrow immediately offered themselves as bondsmen and were accepted.

They then said, "The prisoners are ours, and we have a right to take them where we please."

It appears, however, that the prisoners were not given up to their bondsmen, but all went out, and Mother Ann and two Sisters stepped into the carriage. The Brethren who were bondsmen considering themselves as having the right, attempted to lead the horse, but were prevented by the mob.

The Justice of the Peace, came to

the door and addressed them as follows;—"As a magistrate of the state of New York I desire that there may be no mobs, nor riots;" and then added, "Lay hands suddenly on *no man*."

These words he repeated several times, placing peculiar emphasis on the last two words,—"*no man*."

Grant returned to the house and was seen no more that day. The speech was evidently intended as a cloak, while it held a license to the mob to abuse Mother Ann at their pleasure as she was a *woman*.

This was well understood by the mob, for they took hold with increased zeal, and separated Mother Ann from the body of Believers and would not suffer them to come near her. They now drove on with great violence, towards Albany, still keeping the Brethren back and threatening and abusing every one that attempted to go forward. Many of the Believers were inhumanly beaten and a like cruelty exercised upon their horses. After driving about seven miles, over a rough and muddy road, over stones and stumps and seeking the worst places for Mother Ann's carriage, they reached Rany's tavern. The landlord hearing the tumult, and understanding the cause, came out and with authority of spirit and severity of language, reprimanded the mob for such shameful abuse toward an innocent and civil people. He threatened them with the utmost rigor of the law, if they did not immediately disperse.

This severe rebuke from Rany greatly embarrassed the mob, and finding that they were near the boundary line of the town, and night coming on, they gave this order;—"All who belong in Niskeyuna may pass on, while those

who live in New Lebanon must go back." The Brethren, however, would not consent to this, but determined to keep the company of Mother Ann and the Elders.

After much wrangling among themselves, and the dealing of some blows upon the Believers they wildly dispersed.

Mother Ann was very much exhausted and passed the night under great distress and sufferings. Several families of Believers lived on the road over which they had traveled during the day, but the mob would not suffer her nor the other Believers to stop for any refreshment. It was a long, sad and perilous journey.

When daylight appeared, the Believers who had taken lodgings where they best could be obtained, arose as sufferers in the affliction which the cross of Christ is sure to bring.

In all of this burden they made preparation for holding a religious meeting. They kneeled and wept with great sorrow. Elder James Whittaker made this remark, "If the Believers should hold their peace, I believe the very stones would cry to God."

At the close of the service a supply of provisions was brought to them by some Brethren from New Lebanon, which was thankfully received, in a time of great need.

Mother Ann wept as she related the abuse she had suffered at the hands of these cruel persecutors. "So it has been with me, almost continually, since I left Niskeyuna day and night,—day and night, I have been in sorrow and persecutions."

In the P. M. they returned to the residence of Nathan Farrington where

they remained about two days. At this place Mother Ann said, "I feel now as though I could take some rest."

But the enemies of the work of God could never be at rest while Mother Ann was within their reach. In the evening between thirty and forty heathenish creatures, surrounded the house and from the savageness of their manners they were styled, "The Indian Club."

They demanded in abusive language to see *that woman*. Nathan inquired what they wanted of her. They said, "She is a witch and she shall not stay here."

Nathan replied, "She is a woman of God, and you shall not see her in such a manner."

The mob then threw stones and clubs at the house, and threatened to break down the doors. Nathan commanded them to desist and threatened them with the penalty of the law, if they attempted to break into his residence. This for a moment checked their rage. Nathan endeavored to show them the wickedness and folly of such conduct. "I have lived as a neighbor with you for several years in peace, but now because I have joined the people of God, according to my faith, and confessed my sins, as you ought to do, you come here to break into my house and abuse me and my family."

But the mob were determined to break into the building, and setting reason and humanity at defiance they continued with horrid oaths and blasphemies, to throw stones and clubs.

Mother Ann now asked John Farrington if he could not go and send those men away.

"Yea, Mother," replied John.

"Go then and shame them, and tell them if they will go away and come to-morrow peaceably, that I will see them."

In the strength of the gift John went down, and had no sooner passed out of the door, when he was instantly seized by two ruffianly fellows.

"Love" cried John.

"Love" replied the men in a sneering voice, and immediately griped him between them with such violence that it seemed as though they intended to squeeze the breath out of his body.

John held his breath, and as they slackened their arms he cried, still louder, "More love!"

At this they renewed the grip, and cried out "More love!"

This was repeated several times till the men wearied themselves while John received no harm.

"Now, if you have got through," said John, "I want to reason with you, as you are reasonable men or ought to be. Why do you come here in such a manner, and in the night? It is a shame! I am ashamed of you, that men should behave so. Do for the honor of man withdraw peaceably, and if you will come again in the morning, when it is daytime, the woman that you are talking about will come and see you."

These words, spoken with such confidence, vanquished their rage. They immediately began to withdraw and soon all were gone, so that the Believers enjoyed the night in peace.

The next morning, six of the company called at the house. John met them at the door and then introduced to them Mother Ann, and three of the Sisters. "This is the woman" said



John, "that you was so anxious to see."

"What can you want of me," said Mother Ann, "I am a poor, weak woman, I do not hurt any one."

The guilty men had not confidence to speak nor to look at her, but hung their heads and soon excused themselves. John invited them to take breakfast, but they declined.

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#### Four Queries about the Shakers. No. 4.

CHANCY DIBBLE.

##### *United Inheritance.*

How can the followers of Christ be other than one people with one interest? The divisions, parties and persuasions that exist in Christendom are a surprise to every honest inquirer. That Christians are divided and at strife, each sect interpreting scripture differently; Christian nations warring against each other, by authority, from the same God and Savior. It needs a religion other than this or it must go down. Good morality is better. If Christianity does not produce a more equal and happy condition of society than exists outside of it then it is a failure. If it does not administer to the wants of its needy subjects and provide a home for the widows and orphans it does not fulfill its mission.

If in the churches are found all classes from the richest aristocrat down to the poorest orphan in rags, then it is not the same gospel that was preached and planted by the Apostles, nor the same which Jesus taught. Christianity is founded upon love. There can be no true Christians save those who are brothers and sisters, sharers in all the spiritual and temporal blessings of which the church is in possession. We know there

are sincere hearts in every church, praying for an increase of purity and brotherly love. We cannot ignore these principles or be perfect Christians without them.

When Jesus said to the young man one thing lackest thou, "Go sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, he turned away sorrowful, for he had great possessions," but Jesus did not call him back and flatter him, but remarked, "how hardly shall those who have riches enter the kingdom of Heaven." He did not mean a heaven away in the sky. Heaven is a union of pure, intelligent spirits in the body or out. Such have the means to make and enjoy heaven anywhere. Jesus meant, as we suppose, how hard it is for those who have riches to come into an association where all are equal; where all is love. Not that a rich man, on leaving the earth, will be doomed to endless misery, but riches are an obstruction to the man's spiritual travel.

They give him opportunities for selfishness, ease and worldly ambition. Jesus realized that his followers must be brothers, therefore, he declared the impossibility of the case; but, he adds, with man it is impossible; with God all things are possible. Signifying that the kind Father would reveal means to save all classes.

Not because he was rich should he be a castaway, neither because he was poor. Jesus understood that all should be made equal, that the rich should lay down their substance for the support of the poor, in order to become one association. This was the order of the Apostolic church. This mutual consecration will take place wherever the same gospel is maintained. There is no



atonement short of a life of righteousness. Between Lazarus and the rich man, there is a gulf, so long as selfishness exists; this must be sacrificed or we feel the flames of a guilty conscience more and more both in this life and the other.

*Waterloovliet, N. Y.*

### CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

NANCY G. DANFORTH.

"How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him, —till seven times?" note the reply; "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven." We sometimes sing, "The power of our gospel is love;" love that forgives the erring, sorrowing ones; a love that will not only forgive but forget past mistakes and grievances. If we say we forgive an offense, and then in after years refer to the same, can it be said that we really possessed the spirit of Christian forgiveness? Is that forgiveness, which says without due thought, forgive, and then allows thought of the offense to fill the mind till the feelings become soured, and the general character morose and sadly in need of that charity, so grudgingly bestowed?

How lovely is genuine forgiveness. How it calms the troubled waters and soothes the soul to sweet peace; when, like the child resting in parental love and care, all boisterous, conflicting passions are hushed to rest. This is the mission of the gospel of Christ, in this his second manifestation, wherein a Mother's spirit is plainly seen and felt. As wayward erring children, we may come near to that spirit, wherever we find it placed for our salvation, freely unburdening

our souls,—all our griefs and afflictions, then how sweet and consoling the words, "Ye are freely forgiven!" It is in such blissful moments that the enemy, who is ever on the alert, will seek to destroy souls by lulling them into a fancied security; making them believe that the whole warfare is accomplished, the whole victory won, when the strife is not completed until the whole of nature is met and conquered, step by step. Then we may say, "I have overcome the world." Doing the best that we are able, we shall often stand in need of this forgiving love, therefore, we should ever be willing to extend the same to others, and still heed the injunction, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation."

*Canterbury, N. H.*

### A KIND WORD.

JESSIE EVANS.

A LOVING word in kindness given  
Oft cheers the weary heart,  
And oftener still leads wayward ones  
"To choose the better part."  
What though 'tis met with ill return  
I'll not disheartened be,  
Since in the ultimate of years  
Its fruit shall gladden me.  
As dew upon the thirsty earth  
Renews both plant and flower,  
So loving words, the failing heart  
Restores to conscious power.  
Let me withhold no kindly deed  
Which seems but trifling now,  
Its future might, some needy child,  
In saving power may know.  
And thus may no unchristian word  
Upon my lips e'er rest.  
I'll choose the nobler, purer one  
Of blessing; and be blest.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

THE principle of Eternal light pervades the whole atmosphere where the pure universal love of Christ controls.—A. E. N.

## SAUL.

LOUIS BASTING.

DARK is the night that shrouds the camp  
 Whence Hebrew war-shouts ring,  
 But darker is the night that clouds  
 The mind of Saul the king.  
 Philistia's hosts have come again'  
 With sword and lance and shield;  
 And Israel's war-like tribes have come  
 To meet them in the field.

'Tis night, dark night, but Saul does wake,  
 For dark forebodings harrow,  
 And make him fear and doubt the fate  
 And issue of to-morrow.  
 The ancient oracles are dumb;  
 Dark is the mercy seat;  
 No prophet lives to raise his voice  
 For victory or defeat.

Behold a swiftly gliding troop  
 Of horsemen speeds away;  
 For Endor are the horsemen bound,  
 They ride without delay.  
 There, in a cavern dark and deep,  
 Inspiring fear and dread,  
 A woman often converse keeps  
 With spirits of the dead.  
 To her the midnight riders come,  
 Soon is their errand told;  
 With Samuel, the departed priest,  
 They would communion hold.

But fear constrains the seeress,  
 Her art she will not ply;  
 "I know thou art the king," she said,  
 "Now must I surely die."  
 "Fear not," said Saul, "thou art secure,  
 No harm shall thee befall,  
 If thou but wilt obey my wish  
 The spirit forth to call."

Then through the gloom, the awful gloom,  
 A form is seen to rise,  
 And Samuel's face, stern and severe,  
 Appears before his eyes.  
 "What would'st thou, Saul I to call me thus,  
 Disturbing my repose?"  
 The trembling king bows low, and speaks  
 His purpose to disclose:  
 "My spirit is in sore distress,  
 The foe is all around,  
 Jehovah has forsaken me,

No prophet can be found.

'Tis counsel and advice I seek  
 Of thee, my friend of yore;  
 What I must do make known to me,  
 As thou hast done before."

"Why seek advice of me, when God  
 Is not upon thy side;  
 Thy deeds have ripened up and now  
 Thy judgment must abide.  
 Behold, thy kingship shalt depart  
 And Israel captive be;  
 Before to-morrow's sun shalt set  
 Thou shalt be here with me."  
 Thus spoke the hoary spirit-priest  
 And vanished in the gloom,  
 But Saul in mighty grief fell down  
 Beneath his dreadful doom.

The morning dawned, the battle raged,  
 But Israel could not stand;  
 And Saul the king, in his despair  
 Fell by his own high hand.  
 Thus learn, O man, that all thy plans  
 Thy conscience can approve;  
 With God and Right upon thy side,  
 Straight forward be thy move.

*Hancock, Mass.*

## LOVE.

MARY WHITCHER.

A LOVE to all mankind  
 And strife to do them good,  
 Is Christian life, we find,  
 And nearest to our God.  
 A love for those we've seen  
 Is step to bring us higher  
 To love the source of love  
 A never-failing power.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

## GROWTH.

A. J. CALVER.

'Tis a life of active thought  
 Which molds our character. "We live in deeds."  
 But deeds which live, and stature add, are wrought  
 By patterns in the mind's recess, secure  
 From fluctuations which this fleet life,  
 Would cast upon the mind's ideal.

*Ms. Lebanon, N. Y.*

Gossiping and lying go together.

## Correspondence.

SMITH & McNEIL'S HOTEL,

NEW YORK, MARCH, 22, 1888.

ELD. F. W. EVANS, DEAR SIR:—In conversation this evening with a gentleman who seemed to know much of your Socie'y, I was pleased, beyond my ability of expressing my admiration of its aims and qualities. It is just such an organization as it would be my desire that the whole world might become. of its knowledge and belief.

I have a great longing to know more of its aims. If you have books or pamphlets on bye-laws and constitution, that set forth your teachings, please send me such as you have, that I may know who and what you are, and how it is that such a Society can exist and be so little known of.

I thought I had heard of almost every kind of belief and existence of societies; but I never heard of yours till to-day.

Hoping an early answer, and success to your noble undertaking—

I am, with great respect,

E. M. TROWBRIDGE.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., MAR. 24, 1888.

E. M. TROWBRIDGE,

RESPECTED, UNKNOWN, FRIEND:—Your note of 22nd. inst. at hand. You are surprised that, with your knowledge of men and things, the order of Shakers, consisting of some seventeen Societies, was to you unknown until a day or two ago.

It is because the Order is "not of the world." It is not numbered with the sects, but dwells alone, like Israel of old. It is the "kingdom of heaven,"

for which Christians have been constantly praying for the last 1800 years. It has come; but not as the orthodox teachers arranged it. The infidels, like Jefferson, Paine and Washington, came nearer to the truth, in constructing a government securing "to the greatest number the greatest good," than did Luther, Calvin, or the popes. The son, who said, "I will not do your will;" but went, and—unwittingly—did do it, was accepted and blessed. While the son, who said, "Certainly, father, I will do your will;" and then proceeded, in Christ's name, to establish Bible and Tract and Missionary Societies, and to encompass sea and land to carry a gospel to aboriginal peoples—as in the Congo, introducing amongst them rum and tobacco, and the syphilitic diseases, making those simple souls more the children of hell than they were before, and ten times worse than are they themselves—has utterly failed to do God's will.

To them, in tones of thunder, comes the voice, from the Christ heavens, "Depart from me, ye workers of human misery; I know you not. While directing the attention of your duped, fanatical followers to an imaginary heaven, ye take possession, by means of your unjust laws, of the land upon which they stand, from which they derive their food—their 'daily bread'—and thus constitute them your slaves—either chattel or wages slaves. Verily, I know ye not."

Dear friend, the above may be too "strong meat;" or if it be that you have been taught of God—by his Spirit, and draw towards the kingdom—as those had been to whom, when Jesus saw them, he simply said, "Follow

me," and they left their nets to become disciples; if, having read what I sent you, you still are desirous to know more of a people who turn the world upside down in reality, practically—can you not visit us? If so, come to New Lebanon depot, one mile from the North Family. Love to you.

F. W. EVANS.

PLEASANT HILL, KY. Apr. 1888.

ED. OF MANIFESTO:—We read in Jno. iii., 3, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." How are we to be born again? Shall we know when we are born again? Jesus explained the new birth to Nicodemus, but he did not understand it. Those only can understand, who have experienced it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit. Jno. iii., 8.

When the new and living seed of the Son of Man, the word of God, is received into the heart, it strikes root and grows, day and night, and we know not wherefrom it comes or where it goes. We see, however, that it makes a great change in our lives, and we feel the spirit of it in the heart. Our love to God grows stronger and stronger and is manifested in our thoughts and acts, with the naturalness that children love their parents. True love to God comes by the new birth. It increases as the new man grows, and makes us the children of our Heavenly Father and Mother. In this love it will be our comfort and our joy to do those things that please God, and manifest a spirit of

kindness and good-will to all our gospel relation. In this we shall remember the poor and needy who may come to us for aid and in God's name never turn them harshly from our door. God's blessing is better than covetousness, and indeed, it is better to give than to receive.

Your Brother

LARS ERICKSON.

GROVELAND, N. Y. MAR. 1888.

MY DEAR SISTER IDA:—ON my return from Mt. Morris last evening I found a letter from you. Of course the writing was purely voluntary on your part, and no urging was given by Sister Asenath, but she has sanctified it by a few words of her own and that makes it so much better. Happy will you be if a good Sister like Asenath, can always, in the future, endorse all your correspondence whether to persons in or out of our Society. It brings such a comfortable feeling to know that we are in the light.

It must make one feel so wretched to have any sly or underhanded conduct, and particularly any written correspondence that is concealed from the Elders. I do not believe you or I could feel very happy in this way and we will not try it. I would have all my dear, young Sisters to be the soul of honor, and to live so strictly and so honorable with each other that no shame will blight sweet memories of the past. The rules of our Society forbid all partial or private correspondence, and if we violate this rule we act a lie and are untrue to our profession.

Do you know why I am glad to have you write to me? I will tell you one reason. I take it for granted that you

feel very resolute in your faith, and are determined to become a "Rock Maple Shaker" and the Rock Maple is a synonym of solidity and sweetness you know.

This is so well understood that we need not say much about it, and I only allude to it that you may see what confidence I have in you.

These older Sisters ask "How is the little girl whom you took home with you some years since?" I reply, she is no longer a little girl, she has become very womanly, she loves home, she loves her friends, and still better, she loves the pure life of Believers. Her testimony in meeting is earnest and heartfelt, and we are comforted in the thought that she will prove a dependence and a blessing. Now if I have given too good an opinion of you, you must either write to these people and correct my statements, or you must deserve this opinion by future endeavor. I can only reply to them from my own impressions.

I know, every body knows who knows any thing about it, that you have "chosen that good part that will never fade away," and any other choice will lead to bitter disappointment. The path to Heaven is not altogether a thornless one, but it leads to Heaven and that is enough. But how about the thorns? You have friends who pray for and sympathize with you in all your troubles, yet they realize that you must grow strong by experience, even as the child learns to walk by learning to depend on its own strength.

Thank you for writing. Love to all the good and those who wish to be good.

Ever your friend and Brother,  
N. A. BRIGGS.

ADVERSITY flattereth no man.

## AN OPEN VISION.

AMELIA. J. CALVER.

*"Now there are a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit." 1 Cor. xii., 4.*

It was not midnight, nor was it a misty dream that stole over me; but in the calm, clear light of day, before my inner vision appeared two platforms, suspended in the air, the material of which seemed to be a delicate polished wood.

The one to the right was filled with little brass machines, which were spinning fine threads of various colors. These threads were gathered into one above the platform, and being slightly twisted, formed a strong cable.

Around this platform moved with noiseless tread, the operators of these curious machines; some were oiling the little gudgeons, others with watchful care kept the tiny wheels bright and clean, others often found it necessary to accelerate a tardy spindle, or slacken a too hasty thread; while anon some gentle hand occasionally straightened a kink, or removed unspun material from the ascending threads.

Thus run the little machines, without jar or confusion, and these many threads of various colors, formed a cord beautiful in its variety, strong in its multiplicity.

I now turned to contemplate the platform on the left, but what a contrast! The machines were the same, and earnest operators were guiding them; but instead of the busy hum of the working wheels only grating sounds were heard; and why?

No careful hands were lubricating the pivots, no guiding touches regulated the tensions; but all thoughts of the anx-

ious spinners seemed centered in the color of their threads, and as it was only individual bias which decided this, many a thread was broken off, and the cord above grew thinner.

Nor was this all; the threads so ruthlessly broken became entangled with others and clogged wheels, which might have "run well." The wheels deprived of work were pushed aside. To stop? Not so. It seemed their nature to run, and run they did; but the little cogs once so nicely fitted in place, were now grinding themselves against the edges of the platform and against each other, and destruction was the result.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### VISIONS.

Seen by Elder J. G. RUSSELL.

In the early part of 1888, while lying unconscious of surroundings, I suddenly felt myself gently raised to such an elevation that I seemed to be amid the stars, which appeared more brilliant even than on any beautiful starry evening I had ever beheld. I continued to be thus borne upward by the same invisible agency till I reached an indefinite height, where I stopped. Here, the stars appeared far brighter than before, though I fancied that I still heard the hum of industry below me. Presently a voice attracted my attention, addressing me as follows; "It appears that your work on earth is done and perhaps you feel that you are now ready to enter your spirit home." I could not respond audibly, but mentally pleaded thus:—"I was taken ill so suddenly that my work on earth is left in a very unsettled condition, especially my books of account, from which I fear much loss will

be realized, unless granted a little more time. If I can be permitted to return to earth long enough to adjust my business affairs, I shall then be reconciled to enter my final home." Response to this plea was not given and I remained in anxious suspense. I was then lowered by the same gentle agency. The stars were lost to view and I was on earth once more; after which I immediately heard a voice saying, "Permission is given you to remain yet longer on the earth." This was a comforting assurance. Here the vision faded.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several weeks subsequent to the vision mentioned, my mind seemed suddenly forced into a direction so uncertain that I could not define my position, neither did I know my silent attendant. All was absolutely dark, until I reached a point where the stars again came into view, and I then knew that I was in the same place that in my first vision I learned was to be my spirit home. No sound greeted me here. Soon after realizing my situation, the bright stars apparently vanished and I was again left in darkness. Meantime, these solemn and forcible words came to my mind, "None but the pure in heart can ever find an abode in these heavenly mansions." Instantly a very bright light shone upon me and I saw directly by my side my true self, which I knew at once portrayed my spiritual condition. I compared my standard of purity with the assertion made in the solemn text noted, and found that I was far from being wholly pure.

After meditating awhile on this condition, these words were forcibly impressed on my mind, "Whoever cherishes a spirit of revenge or even an un-

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kind feeling toward any individual, finds not an abode in the mansions of the blest, until the sin is removed by personal sacrifice." I again reflected and again heard, "None can enter in save those who have overcome the world." This caused me to take a thorough survey of my spiritual attainments, and I found that I was indeed a "child of wrath." I now sincerely promised my heavenly attendant that if I was permitted strength and length of days, I would prepare for this lovely abode, by doing that work on the earth which cannot be wrought in spirit life. This light then vanished and when I returned to consciousness I was weeping.

Permit me to add that after duly considering the two visions narrated I commenced a review of my life, and have made a frank acknowledgement of every error, whether of word or act that I did not consider worthy of the full blessing of the light of God, as revealed to my understanding. I now feel the confidence of the spirit and am sure I shall be able to complete my duties on earth or those connecting me with persons whom I am soon to leave. I am strongly impressed by spirit influence that the work which I have had time to do and do not finish on earth, cannot be as acceptably done in the spirit world, also that I cannot dwell with those who overcame in the form, as did Jesus the pattern, without fully acknowledging my faith in the present revelation of God and leaving a record with some appointed witness that I passed out of this sphere with full reconciliation and forgiveness with all. I wish to leave this testimony on earth and take the spirit of the same with me as my passport to the next phase of life.

*Enfield, N. H.*

Address ELIZA ANN TAYLOR,  
Our Mother Ann of Today.

ANNA WHITE.

WE do not propose to give even a biographical sketch of her who stands in the mediatorial order as Mother of the Church on earth—the New Creation—our Zion home, because space is limited, and were it otherwise, we are void of necessary information that usually accompanies such productions. And again, it might seem to others who are more intimately acquainted, rather a precocious proceeding on the part of the writer. Immature as they are, we offer a few thoughts that may grow beneath the pen, even as the seed grows beneath the sod, and be of some value to the reader.

Impressions are imbibed in various ways, directly and indirectly, by spirits out of the form and spirits in the body, as well as emanations arising from one's own mind. It matters not, however, from whence they proceed, or whither they take their flight, so long as they leave with us a salutary influence.

It is now eighteen years over a century since Mother Ann Lee received the most wonderful revelation ever given to mortals. "The mystery of iniquity" was made known to her by spirit agencies, and in heavenly visions she was shown the root and foundation of man's loss from God. The Christ in her testified against all filthiness of flesh and spirit and lustful gratification of every name and nature, as the very source and foundation of human misery; and that these lusts must be crucified, and every sin confessed, one by one, as they had been committed to a witness of God, who, imbued with divine unction



and power from on high, could help "unbar the prison doors and let the oppressed go free."

Interesting—biographical history of Mother Ann and the first founders of the Society are given in full, in successive numbers of "THE MANIFESTO" by our able Editor, and are highly appreciated.

Ever since the establishment of the Order, as one after another has passed on to higher realms, a successor, from Mother Ann down, has been appointed to fill the vacancy: Thus, the Mediatorial chain remains unbroken to the present time. It can *never* be broken, because it is of Divine origin, no more than the door of Revelation can ever be closed. "Behold I set before you an open door and no man can shut it."

We learn that on July 18, 1811, in Manchester England, was born the subject of our narrative, Eldress, Eliza Ann Taylor—the youngest of six children. When only six weeks old her parents, William and Elizabeth Taylor embarked for America. After their arrival to these shores they resided for a time in New York City, and subsequently in the City of Hudson, N. Y. where they remained until the year 1820 when they moved to New Lebanon. All came, save one son who was bound out as an apprentice.

In those days of home industry, the old-fashioned loom and spinning wheel, like the old oaken bucket, were the chief essentials in a family. In this family, consisting of eight members, not less than five looms were in daily use from morning till night, and this little girl of five summers turned the quill wheel; thus we see the principle of industry was early inculcated and observed. An interesting incident, and one worthy

of note occurred, that directed the father's attention to Believers, and was the first opening wedge to an introduction.

A brother, by the name of Eli Porter of New Lebanon, was owing one cent to a merchant in Hudson, and went to pay it. With others present in the store was William Taylor who, though an honest man, was amazed that so trifling a thing as a copper should be taken into account; he noted it however, and resolved to become acquainted with such an honest man that would turn out of his course for a penny debt; and this he afterwards accomplished. From this important principle being literally carried out, of never running in debt, and "owing no one aught but love and goodwill," a whole family were gathered, and most of them remained to be useful and worthy members of Society. This should be an incentive, to Believers, to pay promptly all just debts.

As childhood blossomed into youth, so industry bore its fruit, and maturer years developed faculties in Eldress Ann that were adapted to the needs of a large family. She soon became a burden bearer. For a number of years she was Deaconess in the Church Family; from there she went to live with Eldress Betsy Bates as assistant in the Order of Elders, and in 1852, upon the removal of Eldress Betsy to the Ministry, was appointed senior Eldress in the Church, where she served five years as a faithful Shepherdess over a large flock. She was next called to supply a vacancy in the Ministerial Order, and after serving ten years as an associate with Eldress Betsy, was appointed and anointed as first in the Ministry; Eldress Betsy having passed to her spirit home.

For thirty one years Eldress Ann has

stood as a true representative of Mother Ann Lee, loved and beloved by her people far and near, who probably know of her recent physical sufferings. Mental and spiritual sufferings are unavoidable; these will continue so long as there remains one soul to be redeemed unto God, and the physical being so closely allied, the one affects the other. For a long time it has been quite popular with the outside community, when a person has held, or is holding an important place of trust, to issue bulletins, and insert short and lengthy articles in newspapers concerning their physical condition, especially when health becomes impaired; as at present with the Emperor Frederic of Germany, who is soon expected to follow his illustrious father; seven of the most skillful physicians being unable to save him from the ravages of disease.

The query arises, why may we not issue something similar, when occasion demands, through the columns of "THE MANIFESTO?" Not because of existing custom for "Be ye not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds unto God." Not because of caste or nationalities, for we are Brethren and Sisters. Equality in all things being one of the prominent rounds in the ladder of ascension from earth to heaven: and "hath not God made of one blood all the nations of the earth?" Not because of place or station, for shall not "every valley be filled, and every mountain and hill be brought low?" Howbeit, our fathers and mothers in the gospel, who have by self-abnegation and abasement humbled themselves to that degree that the love of power to rule and reign over others is subdued, are exalted above the highest hills, (the kings and queens, emperors

and princes of this earth,) and are, in the estimation of their spiritual offspring, bright examples, "guiding stars on the journey of life,"—lighting this vale of mists and shadows with an illumination far exceeding the sun in its meridian splendor.

It is love based upon purity, respect for virtue, reverence and veneration for godliness that calls forth this feeble tribute to one, whom we are privileged to call, "Our Mother."

We are happy to inform all our dear Brethren and Sisters of the household of faith, though we have not been formally appointed, that our beloved Eldress Ann is gradually recovering. Let us continue to pray for her full restoration, and lighten her burdens by individual faithfulness, that we may be blest by the light of her countenance, and receive wise counsel from her as of yore, for many years to come. The warm genial breezes of Spring, and kindly attendants, though not doctors, cannot fail to bring renewed life to one so full of spirit. so overflowing with love, so fraught with the great Maternal Soul in Deity, the Mother of the Universe.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### FAITH.

MARY H. CASWELL.

*"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb.*

THE passages above quoted, beside many other scripture texts in favor of this virtue, teach that this living, practical faith is so essential to the development of a truly Christian character that it is impossible to reach this desired eminence without its attainment.

"Faith is a gift of God," said the beloved apostle James, and who that has received a small measure even, of this precious gift can dispute its divine origin?

It is to the soul a manifestation of infinite love. "Waters cannot quench it nor floods drown it." Emanating from God, it partakes of his attributes in its omnipresence, as an undying, unfailing motor for soul-guidance, shining above the pathway of the traveler like some fixed star, never sinking below his mental horizon, thus never lost to view; and blessed indeed is he unto whom it proves a "savor of life unto life." If regarded, it shines a beacon light to the soul, if disregarded, condemnation as the shadow of an avenging spirit.

May I, with all others who have been blest with this beautiful guide, have the genuine courage and willing obedience to follow wherever it leads, until we arrive at that point where "faith is lost in sight," and hope gives place to substance. There are many striking illustrations of faith recorded in biblical history which inspire reverence for those ancient seers who proved so loyal to its teaching.

Good father Abraham, when called of God to slay "his son, his only son, Isaac," went seemingly without a protest to the sacrificial altar, sustained by faith alone; thus proving his implicit trust in that God who had power to test his love to the utmost. With what childlike wonder the youthful Isaac addressed his father, "My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" No human heart, not in possession of this faith divine could have answered the harrowing question of the innocent child

with such apparent calmness and holy trust, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for the burnt offering" but God's mercy is ever manifest in life's severest trial, and at this supreme moment it is stated that an angel called to him from Heaven, saying, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." As in this instance, when obedience to faith triumphed, may I and we do likewise and likewise triumph.

In contrast to the perfect faith of Abraham was the fear and trembling displayed by Peter when bidden by Jesus to walk upon the water. In his human weakness he cried out, "Lord save me!" Jesus in fullness of faith, stretched forth his hand with this mild rebuke, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Both of these lessons are profitable for us to consider and make application in our attempts to find progress in a spiritual life, which are sure to prove a failure unless we come into possession of this active faith, by which priceless gift, if combined with good works, we shall manifest that our choice is "thy will not mine be done."

May future days give evidence that we have been guided by the spirit of the humble petition we now sincerely sing.

"Breathe on our souls, O Lord, we pray,  
The strengthening power of faith,  
Arrest our footsteps in the way  
That leadeth down to death.  
For what is life, without thy grace  
To mould each living act?  
And what is joy without the smile  
Of God to approve?"

*Canterbury. N. H.*

A TRUE Christian is a thorough workman in the vineyard of the Lord.—C. N.

## THERE IS NO DEATH.

OLIVER C. HAMPTON.

THERE is no death we only rise  
To higher altitudes of life;  
When in the dust this casket lies,  
And we surcease from mortal strife.

There is no death, the patient soul,  
Wears out its earthly cerements,  
Puts on the Golden Aureole,  
And soars serene in glory hence.

There is no death but each true life  
Is safely "hid with Christ in God;"  
With vital force forever rife,  
Tho' Earth takes back her lifeless clod

There is no death, for *shade of man*  
And *woman*, never were alive  
And 'twas not in the Master's plan  
That soul and shadow long should strive.

There is no death, but soon we pass  
Into the restful summer land,  
To sail in peace the "sea of Glass,"  
Or wander o'er the Golden Strand.

There is no death tho' sure and soon,  
The silent boatman calls for us,  
With funeral dirge and mournful croon,  
The lamp of fate to darken thus.

There is no death, O wand'rer pale  
Amid the glimmering sheen of Earth,  
'Tis but the dim and shimmering veil,  
Dividing from a higher birth.

There is no death, dismiss all fear  
For Christ hath lit Earth's gloomy crypts  
With consolation love and cheer  
'Mid even "the Earthquake and Eclipse."

There is no death, but in its stead,  
Blest Apotheosis of life,  
A resurrection from the dead,  
Debris of this sad world of strife.

There is no death, which does not give  
Existence vastly more enhanced,  
Far sweeter in its realms to live  
Than this to loftiest height advanced.

There is no death, then O prepare,  
For joy in Holier Realms than this,  
Our Father's love and peace to share,  
Our Mother's smile to crown our bliss.

There is no death, exulting sing,

Flee gloom and sorrow all away;  
"O Death where is thy vaunted sting,  
O Grave where is thy victory."  
*Union Village, Ohio.*

## THE HOME "OVER THERE."

EMMA TRAIN.

You may tell of the beauty of Heaven's fair shore,  
Of its flowers of richest perfume;  
Of its skies, where the sunlight is clear evermore,  
With no winter to wither the bloom.  
But to me there's a fact that is dearer by far  
In the midst of life's struggle and care,  
To my spirit 'tis ever a Bethlehem star,  
It is this; there are homes "over there."

You may tell of the Temples of learning and art,  
Of the halls built for music so grand,  
Where the glory of wisdom descends to each heart,  
And the Cultured together can stand;  
But there's ever a story more precious to me,  
And a truth that's more holy and fair,  
It is this; when from earthly conditions we're free  
We shall find *real homes* "over there."

Real Homes, where we'll gather with those we have  
In the love of the sweet long ago, [misses]  
Those who passed from our view by the death angel  
'Mid our tears in the valley below. [kisses]  
All the treasures of wisdom we've garnered on earth,  
All the beauties of soul, rich and rare,  
All the memories made up of kindness and worth  
We shall find in our homes "over there."

We are painting the pictures, dear friends, every day,  
We are rearing the arches and walls,  
In the mists and the clouds of earth's shadowy way,  
We are forming the parlors and halls;  
May we ever build broadly and grandly and well,  
With our spirits illumined by prayer,  
So that when we pass over those portals to dwell,  
We'll find joy in our homes "over there."

—Better Way,

WHAT makes success or failure of human life? Is not life a total and complete failure for every child of clay, individually considered, if there is nothing carried beyond the tomb? Then the question of success or failure can only be decided by what you shall carry with you from this life into the higher one; and ever remember that "flesh and blood"—anything in the material line—"cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven."

—Selected.

Boast not of yourself and demean others.

## THE MANIFESTO.

JUNE, 1888.

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## Editorial.

### ACTION.

OF what use is the promise of "seed time and harvest" to the man who is so negligent of his duty as to make no use of them, or to the man who in his poverty has no seed to sow, and consequently can have no harvest to reap.

Although it is said that the diligent man may be worthy to stand before Kings, it is said quite as emphatically that those who neglect their sowing in its proper season must be forced to beg in harvest. It may not be so agreeable to accept this form of penance, but as it is in accordance with the Divine Plan, it meets us in our own paths, and awards to us the sum of our daily needs.

It was a wise provision in the economy of nature that the law of compensation should have a universal influence and through this stimulate to action the whole creation of God. From the highest type as found in man, to that which is very low in the scale of Crea-

tive energy there is to be found no change for this individual demand.

The apostle so fully endorsed the protectionary law that he did not hesitate to say to all his brethren, "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." 2 Thes. iii., 10. Even the story of the journey through the wilderness informs us that every man was obliged to gather the manna for himself and for those of his family or suffer for the neglect.

Although the foolish and imprudent may neglect the keeping of this law and bring upon themselves the consequent sufferings, it can have no bearing upon the mind of a devoted Christian worker, otherwise than to stimulate him to renewed action, and to greater faithfulness.

Temporal duties which bear so directly on our happiness or misery in this life, are often made of superlative interest and matters of personal comfort become the absorbing theme upon which the mind so fondly dwells. Even for this a reason may be rendered, and a ray of comfort afforded. Having, as we do, such a tenacity to life, which was implanted in us by the wisdom of God, we are by nature impelled to make everything consistent with our understanding of right, for prosperity and happiness while on our earthly pilgrimage.

It is not strange, under this influence, that so many fail to secure the more imperishable treasures, in the heavenly home, "where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

To build up and to establish a moral or spiritual work, in the soul, a corre-

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sponding zeal and earnestness to succeed must be manifested, and the same untiring efforts carried forward in order to secure a permanent foundation, which may not be destroyed by the corroding elements of the world. Jesus in his inimitable sermon informs us of the blessings that shall attend the pure in heart, and no less those who thirst after righteousness.

Blessings which are so liberally proffered, in the goodness of God, should claim our first and our highest attention. God giveth liberally to all, "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

It is for us to tell of the advantages to be derived by accepting a discipleship and by receiving into our minds the life and spiritual interest of the Savior of men. We acknowledge with all meekness the temporal blessings, in which God gives to us our daily bread, and in which he remembers the "birds of the air," and the "lilies of the field." With all this merciful condescension to make our earthly home one of love and joy and peace, we must also bear witness that the inspiration of the Christ, urges us to seek first the kingdom of God.

And of what use would the kingdom of God be to us, or to any people, if we closed the door on entering or failed to publish the glad tidings of peace on earth; to men and women, "good will." Of what benefit is the "seed time" if there is no seed to sow? or having the seed, to fold it in a napkin and hide it from sight? Could we not read the biblical story with profit? (see Matt. xxv., 14—30.)

These lessons that are given to us

and the experience we have obtained while contending for an existence on the earth, should be used to advantage in our acceptance of a spiritual life. In both we share enjoyments and disappointments, sunshine and storm. We contend with laudable zeal against every enemy to our prosperity, as we toil early and late for our earthly possessions, and we must contend as zealously against every enemy of our spiritual interests and peace of mind, if we ever expect to obtain a victory over the world.

If, in the one, there is danger in delay, as the season for ploughing and the sowing of seed is passing, then it is equally true that the other demands corresponding vigorous action, if we would wish to insure a spiritual prosperity, and establish upon the earth the kingdom of God, in which shall dwell righteousness and peace.

## Sanitary.

### BATHING AND WHY WE SHOULD BATHE.

AMONG all the appliances for health and comfort to mankind we may safely say there is nothing so well known, so useful, and withal so comforting, and yet so little practiced, so carelessly and thoughtlessly neglected, as judicious bathing. The skin of the human body, from head to foot, is a network of pores, which ought always to be kept free and clear of obstructions. These pores are the openings into minute tubes or channels, which lead through unseen meanderings into the sanctum of life within.

To those blessed with good health, a bath, as a common sense appliance, gives thrift and growth to healthy functions, a brightness and delightful serenity, a clearness of mind and buoyancy of spirit. It is certainly a blessing to both mind and body. For the mental worker, it is a nerve tonic. A thorough immersion in water of proper tempera-



ture will calm and give strength and tone to his whole system. The indoor laborer who gets but a scanty supply of fresh air, needs a bath to obtain those invigorating elements so common in the open air.

The outdoor laborer—especially the farmer—who works with heroic energy all day long, unavoidably gathers on the entire surface of his body a complete prison-wall of dust and thickening, gummy perspiration: and when his day's work is done, he needs then, more than any other thing, not only a wash, but a good, luscious, *full bath* to fit him for a clean bed and a refreshing sleep.

The glutinous mass of perspiration, dust and filth, which gathers on the surface of the body naturally covers and clogs the pores and often enters them and poisons the system. To remove that filth, frequent ablutions and occasional immersion in water are exceedingly desirable, and usually indispensable to health and comfort; consequently, every family should have a convenient bath—and a full bath too—of some kind, not only for general neatness of person, so desirable to every individual of taste and culture, but as a means of preserving health, and in many cases, especially under the advice of a good physician, as the safest, pleasantest and one of the most powerful and efficient means of combating disease. Directed by good judgment and wise counsel, a bath is a valuable auxiliary to other remedies, and it can be used when internal remedies cannot. In the long catalogue of diseases to which flesh is heir, scarcely one can be named in the treatment of which a bath is useless. In an emergency, which often happens when least expected, as in cholera, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, cramp, fits, &c., a pliable, portable bath, which requires but little water, ready just at the right time, may save some precious life.

Finally, everyone needs a bath at times, and every human habitation should contain something for a complete immersion in water, and since convenient and efficient portable baths at comparatively low figures are now extensively advertised for sale, there is little excuse for anyone to be without this priceless benefit.—“Common Sense Practitioner.”  
—*Western Rural*.

#### HOT WATER AS A MEDICINE.

In drinking hot water it should be sipped, and not drunk so fast as to distend the stomach and make it feel uncomfortable. From fifteen to thirty minutes may be consumed in drinking the hot water. A period of six months is generally required to wash out the liver and intestines thoroughly. Not more than half a pint of hot water should be drunk with the meals. To make the beverage palatable or to medicate it, aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover blossom, ginger, lemon juice, sage, salt or sulphate of magnesia are sometimes added. Where there is an intense thirst or dryness a pinch of chloride of calcium or of nitrate of potash may be added to allay the thirst and leave a moistened film over the parched and dry mucous surface. When there is diarrhoea, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be boiled in hot water, and the quantity lessened. For constipation, a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia, or half teaspoonful of taraxacum, may be used in hot water. Inebriety has a deadly foe in the use of hot water. All thirst and dry mucous membrane disappear in a few days and a moist condition of the mucous membrane and skin takes place. The relaxing influence of the heat inside the alimentary canal relieves spasm and colic of the bowels, just as heat outside the abdomen relieves. Hot water dilutes the ropy secretions of the whole body, and renders them less adhesive and tenacious. It dissolves the abnormal crystalline substances that may be in the blood and urine. It washes out the stomach and leaves it fresh and clean for eating. It promotes elimination everywhere. As we are 75 per cent water, to keep from stagnation we need continual renewal. The universal use of hot beverages at meal time is based on a physiological necessity. If hot water in due quantities is taken between meals there will be but little use of taking water at meals.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

“A great deal of sickness just now, doctor?” “A great deal.” “Overwork, I suppose.” “Yes—but where there is one case of overwork there are ten cases of overeating and twenty of overdrinking.”



## MEDICATED SOAPS.

A DISTINGUISHED specialist in skin diseases—Dr. Bulkly—discussing the so-called medicated soaps, says that the attempt to medicate soap is a perfect farce—a delusion and a snare to entrap the unwary and the uneducated. The soap is to cleanse, it is applied for a few moments, and washed off, and is incapable of effecting a cure of the skin. The assertion can be made with truth, he says, that itch, which sulphur will certainly cure if regularly used, has never been and can never be, cured by this remedy in the form of soap. The soap neither keeps the skin always well, nor cures it when diseased.

Carbolic soap is useless and may be dangerous, because the carbolic acid may cover a cheap, poor soap.

Respecting the soothing soaps, as glycerine, honey, oat-meal, almond and a host of others, at best they are only bland soaps, and no way superior to a perfectly pure soap without these healing properties. The safest soap to use, of those ordinarily employed, is undoubtedly very old, white castile soap."

I have quoted this writer, not because I concur with him entirely in his views, but because I think they are in the main correct, and because I know that people are greatly imposed on by the high-priced and, in most cases, useless soaps, advertised. It reminds me very much of the practice in many parts of the country, of searching and digging for roots and "yerbs" to make a poultice, when cloths wrung out of hot water would answer every purpose.

As to itch, it is certainly true that soap alone, especially strong home-made soft soap, will cure it, without any addition, if thoroughly and persistently used. The same may be said of tar and carbolic soap in other skin diseases, but these are better applied in the form of an ointment, the virtues being due to the tar and carbolic acid, and not to the soap, and these are more effectually used in the form above indicated.—*Woman's Work.*

The presence of one corrupt person may cause hundreds to be suspected.

## "THE IDEAL MAN."

REV. GEORGE L. PERIN gave the concluding lecture in his very interesting course on "Ideals" at the Young Men's Christian Union last evening. His subject was "The Ideal Man," using as his text Ephesians, iv., 13.

He said, in beginning: That we are here, with marvelous powers, with noble ambitions and wonderful surroundings, is a fact of superlative interest. Where we came from and the method of our creation may be interesting, but far more important is the fact that we are here, with the inevitable question, What can we make of ourselves and how develop all that we have? The theories of the theologian and the evolutionist are not unimportant, but more important is the work of the teacher and moral reformer. Our question, therefore, What shall the ideal man include? is very practical.

Physiologically considered, man's life is built along an axis which we call the spinal column. Along this axis there seem to be three great centers: First, the reproductive organs, which we may call the passional center. Second, the stomach, which may be called the centre of appetite. Third, the brain, which may be called the center of thought and affection.

For our present life, at least, we must believe that all these centers are necessary. But the ideal man will not be ruled from that center which lies at the base of the spinal column. The very life of the species depends upon these organs, while their overstimulation and abuse tend to its degradation and destruction. To-day society is alarmed at the rapid increase of sins against chastity; at the aggressive violation of the marriage contract. We ask for the cause! Is church, State or home at fault? Perhaps all of them. But the real cause lies in the fact that men allow themselves to be ruled from the lowest center of their life, the base of the spinal column.

Second—The ideal man will not be ruled from the middle center, or the stomach. Yet, from this center radiate all the appetites which minister to man's physical life; it is the center of all the vast industries of man,

for primarily it is appetite that prompts men to work. But while the normal use of these central organs is so necessary for the healthy life of man, who can estimate the misery that arises from their abuse. By a study of zoology we learn that there are some animals very simple in their organism; some are nearly all stomach. Well, judging by their actions we might well believe that some men were nearly all stomach; they are literally ruled from that center. Men begin to toil because they are hungry. Shall that be the end of toil? Oh, the pitiable cry of every worldly man, I must make a living! So must a pig. And if getting a living is the end of life what better is the life of man than that of the swine?

Third—The ideal man will be ruled from the top of the spinal column. All three of the centers, intellectual, appetite and passion, will indeed be active; but they will be set in harmonious relations and ruled from the top. Here thought and affection will be found always in command. It will not be a blind, but an intelligent rule. Our prisons, almshouses, insane asylums are crowded full. They will never be relieved till men are taught to live above the ears; till they are no longer dominated by the beast instincts, but ruled by the conviction that they are men. Let men be ruled from the head and the heart and we shall have not only the ideal man, but the ideal society, and we shall feel that that is in some sense the reign of Christ, and Paul's prophecy shall be fulfilled when we all come in the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man.—*Boston Journal*.

### CRUELTY TO BIRDS.

F. W. EVANS.

WHEN I see women disfigure themselves by wearing feathers, wings and stuffed dead birds, I am disgusted. Instead of enjoying the sight of what are termed the better half of humanity, I loathe their presence, whether on the street, in the cars, or in the boat. I keep thinking of Bergh, and wondering

if an action would not lie against any one of these "dead bird women" for cruelty to animals. Are not birds, animals with wings? Is there not some humanitarian, some person of means and leisure, who will help Bergh to abate this offensive nuisance?

In the "Tribune" of recent date, there was a notice of a society woman in London who, intending to surprise her affianced husband, at her wedding, had a gown made of dead canary birds. She succeeded beyond her most sanguine anticipations: For, when he saw her come before the altar thus clothed, he was horror struck, and broke off the ceremony at once, exclaiming "I am afraid to trust my life destiny with a murderess!" Now it is announced that "a rich New York woman has sent two skilled hunters to Africa to kill 500 birds of paradise, with which dead birds she is going to have a garment made." When that woman appears in public in that raiment of blood, every woman seeing her, who does not hang her head in shame or raise her voice in indignation at the murderess, should be marked by men. If married let her husband restrain his anger and not use "a rod larger than a broomstick in correcting her." Human life should not be endangered.

*Buddhists.*—Are not the Buddhists right in making the first article of their religious creed, "Thou shalt not kill?"—assuming that the killing of inferior animals leads to murder—to war—the killing of human beings.

*Commission.*—The presence in America of a Peace Commission, composed of prominent Englishmen, is a sign in the old heavens and earth to be marvelled at. But wherefore was the Com-

mission not half composed of women? Were there not enough, after omitting the "dead bird women," to fill out the Commission? Make woman a citizen, give her the right to vote and the responsibility of office, and she will soon cease to befoul herself with dead birds or deform her body with bangs or bustles. Wars will never "cease to the ends of the earth," except through the instrumentality of woman. But woman must become more womanly by removing from herself the proximate causes of war, before she will be endowed with power from on high to redeem man from the absurd and bloody art of war.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

FOR THE MANIFESTO.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

MAUDE WENTWORTH.

God sent his own beloved Son,  
Upon this earth to dwell;  
To calm all sorrows, heal all wounds:  
He doeth all things well.

Upon the cross his life was spent,  
For sinful mortals here;  
In ignorance we knew not then:  
He doeth all things well.

Upon this wicked earth, he left,  
His chosen few to tell;  
Of sure redemption, bounteous grace:  
He doeth all things well.

Weep not fond Mother,  
At the death-bed of thy hopes;  
God hath but taken his own again:  
He doeth all things well.

He'll calm your sorrows, heal all wounds,  
His love to you will tell;  
Accept the grace he freely gives;  
He doeth all things well.

Ye wicked sinners, here on earth  
List, to the sad death knell;  
You'll suffer e'en as they who mourn:  
He doeth all things well.

And as the floods swept o'er the earth,  
And vengeance on sinners fell;  
He'll cleanse with fire this wicked world:  
He doeth all things well.

He'll take the good, the chosen few,  
With him on high to dwell;  
God help the sinner, on that day,  
He doeth all things well.

SPIRITUAL FEEDING.

THE neglect of the Bible among those who call themselves Christians is one of the marked signs of the times. It is a sort of reference book in the Sunday school, but the old time reading of it, the close familiarity with its stories, with its poetry and its history, with its language as the most beautiful use of English that has ever been known, with its great spiritual truths which always enkindle the soul, is passing away, and there is coming up a generation that is as ignorant of Holy Scripture as it is of the Choctaw alphabet. The religious newspaper is a poor substitute for the Bible, and the average modern book is poorer still. The sermons on Sunday are not disquisitions on Bible themes to any extent, and the people are turned out to pasture in spiritual fields, for the most part, where the grazing is not much better than it was in the country where the prodigal son staid till he was famished. People are in search of a religion which ignores sin, gives a man a soft creed to believe in, feeds him on pleasurable sentiments, and at length tosses him into the other world to come down he knows not where. The decay in religious reading of the bracing sort has had this effect everywhere. But this is only the symptoms of a much wider-spread disease. The Bible and the sermon and the devotional book are superseded by the prevalence of an easier feeling about life. People are in the backswing from a period when the severities of the divine law were set forth in sermon and book alike, and when the Bible was recommended chiefly because it was a sure revelation of the eternal doom of the vast majority of all mankind. The religious life of the people has been demoralized, and there has been altogether too much cheap and

simple religion—a religion that either frightened men out of their five senses in order to make them Christians or set before them such simple requirements for a consecrated life that they felt they were well enough off as they were. The one extreme has been as bad as the other, and both have tended to destroy the growth of a devout spirit which finds in Bible and sermon and book the nourishment of the spiritual life. Again and again the study of the Bible has brought out the stronger affections of the people into such reality that they became like the Hebrew and Christian saints whom they knew through imaginative sympathy, and rose to faith and trust and noble deeds like them. It is the presentation of this stronger life which is greatly needed to-day in the pulpit, in the Sunday school, in the family, in the channels of Christian literature. Where there is something to take hold of, where the thought of the average man is reached, whether through Bible or sermon or secular reading, the mind has been awakened and the spiritual nature is almost sure to be aroused.

Much as the people are now distracted by their multiplied engagements, they will not shun the Bible when it is made interesting to them, nor will they turn away from religious reading when it is made to convey the true message of God to man in this generation.

—*Boston Herald.*

## Juvenile.

### THE STORY OF GRUMBLE-TONE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE was a boy named Grumble-Tone, who ran away to sea.

"I'm sick of things on land," he said  
"as sick as I can be!

A life upon the bounding wave will  
suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to  
stimulate his mirth,

For he did not like the vessel, or the  
dizzy, rolling berth.

And he thought the sea was almost as  
unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands; he saw  
each wondrous sight,  
But nothing that he heard or saw  
seemed just exactly right,  
And so he journeyed on and on, still  
seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair;  
he dined in courts, they say;  
But always found the people dull, and  
longed to get away,  
To search for the mysterious land where  
he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the earth, his  
hair grew white as snow.  
He reached the final bourn at last, where  
all of us must go;  
But never found the land he sought.  
The reason would you know?

The reason was that North or South,  
where'er his steps were bent,  
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found  
but discontent;  
For he took his disposition with him  
everywhere he went.—*St. Nicholas.*

### VICE OF LYING.

THERE is no crime against self and others comparable, for enormity and destructiveness, with insincerity and the several forms of lying. Without this element there would be little sin in the world. It was the first fruit of sin, and it is the seed by which evil is propagated. There are many ways of lying, and the least direct is the worst. Playing on words, or misleading, or taking refuge in a special meaning, is worse than a simple falsehood. It costs the mind more pains to practice deception cunningly than to lie openly. The lie that looks like "prevarication" is therefore not less, but more heinous than others; and yet parents make light of these offenses and call them "romances." Truth is the regenerator by which human nature is to be restored.—*Selected.*

To pretend not to care what others think of us, is to make believe laugh at the sun because a candle will do to see by.

## ACROSTIC.

*1 Corinthians.*

EVERY man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. *iii., 13.*

Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints. *vi., 1.*

Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? *vi., 2.*

If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall receive your carnal things? *ix., 11.*

Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved. *x., 33.*

Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. *xi., 27.*

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ. *v., 4.*

Let all things be done decently and in order. *xiv., 40.*  
Let all your things be done with charity. *xvi., 14.*

I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ. *i., 4.*

And now abideth faith, hope, charity these three; but the greatest of these is charity. *xiii., 13.*

Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful. *iv., 2.*

Say I these things as a man? or saith not the law the same also? *ix., 8.*

## KIND WORDS.

ENFIELD CONN. APR. 25, 1888.

BELOVED EDITOR:—I find "THE MANIFESTO" so full of instructive reading matter that no other periodical can take its place on my table. I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading the "EDITORIALS" they are very valuable. When the April No. came I was delighted with it. It does seem as if it grows better every number. Dear Br. Alonzo Hollister, I always read your articles. Good Elder Harvey L. Eads, how I wish I could see you again; but I presume I never shall, as my home is in "the land of steady habits," and yours so far away. I feel that I must

shake hands with Br. Daniel Offord, for his religious views in April No. coincide with mine.

I am striving for the "one thing needful," and am refreshed in my daily walk to and from my labor by the beauties of God.

Your Brother,

DANIEL ORCUTT.

"THINK not too highly of thyself, O man!

'Tis but one little thing thou hast to do:

Then if He find thee diligent and true,

New tasks await thee and a wider span.

Perhaps a better knowledge of the plan

Of that great web on which thy hands have wrought.

And be not thou too lowly in thy thought;

No man before thee, since the world began,

Could do the work that lies upon thy loom:

If thou neglect or slight it, it is loss

To all the world, in all time to come.

What is thy kinship to the Saviour worth

If thou demean thee as the sons of earth?

And what if Jesus had despised his cross?"

—Selected.

## Deaths.

James S. Prescott, at North Union, Ohio. Apr. 3, 1888. Age 85 yrs. 2 mo. and 8 days.

Br. James has been in the Community sixty two years. He was a faithful laborer in the gospel field. S. S. M.

James Smith at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Apr. 10, 1888 Age 82 yrs. 2 mo. and 14 days.

Elnathan Pettitt at Union Village, Ohio, Apr. 13, 1888. Age 73 yrs. 1 mo. and 22 days.

Elder James G. Russell at Enfield, N. H. Novitiate order, May 4, 1888. Age 44 yrs. 9 mo. and 5 days.

Faithful unto death.

Frances Jane Whitney, at Church Family, Shirley, Mass. May 14, 1888. Age 71 yrs. 1 mo. and 1 day.

Another worthy gone to a well earned treasure. J. W.

## Books and Papers.

**THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH.** May. Contents: Joseph Cummings, D. D. Christian Science; Notable People of the Day; Our Wants; A Budget of Papers on Phrenology; Emperor William's Tomb; Are We Satisfied; Phrenology and the Taxation of Land Values; The Will Power in Inherited Character; Child Culture; Notes in Science, etc., etc. Fowler and Wells Co. 775 Broadway, N. Y. \$2.00 a year.

**THE JOURNAL OF HYGEO-THERAPY.** May. Contents: Principles of Hygeo-Therapy; Science and Purity; Letters to Girls; Anti Vaccination Department; Two Popular Delusions; Health; The Demand of the times; One by one Delusions Fall; Story of the Stomach; The College Work; etc., etc. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo Ind.

### ALDEN'S LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

AMONG the notable articles in **THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE** for May, are the following: The Negro Question in the United States, by George W. Cable; the concluding paper on the Constitution of the United States, by Hon. E. J. Phelps, U. S. Minister to Great Britain; the fourth of a series of scholarly articles on Post-Talmudic Hebrew Literature, by Dr. Bernhard Pick; the article on Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, from the *Westminster Review*, is very curious; Snowed-up in Arcady, by Rev. Dr. Jessopp is one of the most enjoyable papers found in last month's English magazines; Cardinal Manning's Plea for the Worthless, is very timely, and worth universal reading; the critique upon Mr. Froude's *West Indies* is sound and appreciative; the Earl of Meath gives a genial account of "A model Factory" in England; Miss Frances Power Cobbe discusses the "Education of the Emotions," and opens up a suggestive train of thought, as also does the paper on "Domestic Service and Democracy." The Editorial miscellany, entitled, "Current Thought," is unusually full and interesting. The issue contains 196 pages, in large type; an extraordinary amount of high class literature for the price of \$1.00 a year, or 10 cents a copy. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York; 218 Clark Street, Chicago.

### A Hymnal for the Churches of Christ.

By H. L. Hastings.

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H. L. Hastings. 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE music in the May issue of *North's Philadelphia Musical Journal* will be found especially interesting inasmuch as there is something to suit all tastes. The beautiful song and choros, "Sweet Rosalie," by J. Ford, author of the well known "Will you Love Me when I'm Old," will surely please all who are fond of a sweet and flowing melody set to words brim full of pure sentiment. The "Marietta Waltz" by Harry B. Manby and the "Dance of the Elves" by Thomas O'Neill, will find favor among all who enjoy comparatively easy and yet interesting instrumental music. The "Barcarolle," by J. Low, and the "Andante in G minor" by Mendelssohn are each classic gems which will be appreciated by all who are striving to cultivate a taste for the highest grade of music. Altogether the music issued in this number is worth more than is asked for an entire year's subscription, and is but a fair specimen of the musical contents of the twelve numbers. The letter press portion contains a portrait and sketch of Mr. Fred T. Baker, the eminent composer, and the usual amount of articles of value and interest to music teachers and pupils. Every person subscribing to the *Journal* previous to July 1st, 1888, will receive \$2.00 worth of sheet music as a premium. Subscription, \$1.00 a year; specimen copy 10 cents. Address, *North's Musical Journal*, 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY's book on the Bacon cipher is out done and anticipated by a still more startling revelation that appears in the *May Cosmopolitan*. The writer, Edward Gordon Clark, claims that by applying Bacon's cipher to the original Shakespearean epitaph the apparent grotesque varieties of lettering are resolved into most surprising confessions concerning the life of Bacon and Shakespeare. The traveler, Wolf Von Schierbrand, furnishes a pleasing sketch about "Children in Persia," and Joel Benton gives many amusing specimens of "What Our Grandfathers Laughed at Two Hundred Years Ago." Besides E. P. Roe's popular serial story of southern life at the end of the war "Miss Lou," there is a notable short story of the Stevenson type, entitled "Dr. Brendt's Wife," which is a strong piece of work. Mathew Arnold's memory is embalmed in a sonnet by his friend Joel Benton. Other poetic gems in the same number are by Danske Dandridge, Anna Vernon Dorsey, and Edith Sessions Tapper.

**WOMAN; HER POWER AND PRIVILEGES.** This is a work of some 200 pages being a series of twelve sermons by Rev. Te De Witt Talmage. To know the author of the work, is to be assured that it will be eagerly sought, and perused with interest. Send twenty-five cents to J. S. Ogilvie and Co., Publishers, 57 Rose Street, N. Y.

**HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.** May. Contents: The Labor Question; History of Mind Cure; A Lofly Imagination; Cruelty in the Crib; Fashion and Common Sense; The Banana Tree; Boiling as a means of Keeping Milk; Syrian Wives; The Uses of Forests; Alcohol; Hypatia; A Singular Pet; Animal Intelligence; Mysterious Light; Spiders once more; Rattle Snake Oil; etc., etc. Office 206 Broadway, N. Y.



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